

BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

VOL. XXX.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1892.

NO. 1,544.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

Published by

B. M. & A. C. FOLGER

Every Saturday Evening.

TERMS:

One year (in advance) \$3.00

Three months 1.00

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OUR HOME.

Beloved! when we pass away
From this familiar spot,
I wonder who will come and stay
In the deserted cot.
Beneath these elm trees who will stand
And think that home is sweet,
When we have gone into that land
Where perished households meet?
Oh! who will walk beside the stream,
Or sit beneath the pine,
To dream again life's little dream,
When 'tis not yours, nor mine.
Will some one feel my favorite tree,
Put down the mossy wall,
The things so dear to you and me
Will they destroy them all?

Whose name will be on yonder door?
Whose pictures deck the walls?
Whose feet press roughly on the floor
Where your dear footstep failed?
And when the years to centuries swing,
Till all we love are dead,
Will any echo backward bring
The words that we have said?

I hope the brook down there will miss
An old familiar tune,
When in a happier home than this
We talk with all our own.
For on this little home is sweet,
Each corner is so dear,
Can Heaven without it be complete?
I would that Heaven were here.

I almost think that from the skies,
A little home can see,
I shall watch those with envious eyes
And live to see the day
"Hush! hush! we shall not see," you say,
"Dear heart! it may be true,
We shall not see it, but oh, to-day
My life is here! when you,
—Julia H. May, in Good Housekeeping.

A SET OF VIEWS.

They Go to Make Up a Romance
in Real Life.

I.

"Going to the seaside? In November?"
Emily had stooped to pick up her
trunk thimble, but now, like the good
housewife, she stood amazed, with eyes
fixed on her companion as if she were
an unexpected guest.

"Yes—it is cold," said Clara, gazing
out of her window over the smooth
western stretch of the lake; "but we
must leave Chicago; and Uncle David
has given mother and me the use of
the town house in summer and the
seaside cottage in winter. It's exceed-
ingly good of him, but it is funny!"

"Dear! and Massachusetts! You'll
be just lost to our crowd. Well, that
rose is finished; how does it strike you?"
Clara felt chilled. Emily had been
"no end sorry" that she and her
mother had lost every dollar; had wept
real tears when the time of separation
had begun to seem near; and now she
was smilingly asking her opinion of an
embroidered rose.

With a girl's quick pride, however,
she flung back two rising tears, and
smiled responsively. "It is a dear-
like you," she said; and no one would
have guessed that she was disappoint-
ed. But in her heart was born a new
need.

II.

TRAIN LEAVING CHICAGO.
"Hullo! Brown! Wasn't aware you
were aboard! Going east?"
"Good-morning. Mr. Willis: one
doesn't go to California via the New
York Central."

"Pshaw! Cynical bacteria in the air.
You'd better come into the smoker and
smoke them out."
There was something so irresistible
in Harry Willis' good humor that most
people yielded to it, more or less con-
sciously. Some amiability is desperat-
ing and seems to say: "See how cool I
keep. Don't get excited!" But Harry
seemed absolutely unaware that there
was any sting in a spiteful remark. His
mother had once said of him that he
was like a lightning rod, a safe con-
ductor for dangerous currents.

"That's all right!" Mr. Brown spoke
less irritably, or rather, as if his irri-
tation had not been meant for Harry,
but directed against the world in gen-
eral. "But people do say so many
things without any aim whatever—or
with more aim than is apparent," he
added, as if a new idea had struck him.
"Did you really want to know if I took
an east bound train in order to go east,
or do you ask my destination?"

"Oh! pshaw!" Harry made an effort
to speak quite carelessly—"what's the
use of shamming? You're bound for
a certain point on the Massachusetts
coast, and so am I. There's another
point, figuratively speaking, that we're
both bound for, too."

"Yes," responded Mr. Brown; "this
train makes connections so that we
reach Gloucester at eleven to-morrow
morning. It's about five miles out to
the Point of View. Which of us will
get there first?"

"I think it would be a fair arrange-
ment for us each to send Miss Klein
a note, asking her for an interview.
Then the choice of order would lie
with her. So?"

"Very well, that's fair enough. But
it's hardly necessary for us to torture
each other in the meantime. I'll take
the next section."

"Wait a minute. We will send the
notes by mail when we reach Gloucester—
start over!"

Mr. Brown strode into the next seat,
and knelt his black brows over a blank
sheet of paper, on which he finally
wrote with a lead-pencil which he
handled quite firmly:

"Dear Miss Klein: You promised me an
answer this week. I could not be content to
take it from the mails. I must see you. Please
let me have an hour with you as soon as you
can. Send to the Grand Hotel. Very sincerely,
"M. H. Brown."

Harry, after summoning the porter
and contradicting each order once or

twice, besides squandering a very un-
necessary number of silver quarters,
settled himself with a lap table and a
stylographic pen, and wrote; the final
version was finished just as the after-
noon waned into gray:

"DEAR CLARA: This stylograph is disas-
sembled, but circumstances make it impossible to
say better. That bear of a—no, I beg his par-
don—but a certain gentleman is running a race
with me to see you. Of course it must be a
surprise, and you must decide which shall
have the first chance; but Clara, don't you see
I can't live without you? Do keep that in mind.
But if I, if you'd rather have Alice, why—I won't
pain you by saying anything brutal—so good-
bye till we meet. You and your mother must
be kindly out there; oh! dear little girl, give
me the right to make you both comfortable.
Send me just a little note, please, at the
Grand. Yours in dire suspense, HARRY."

III.

THE POINT OF VIEW.
The cottage stood on a little penin-
sular bluff, and commanded the bay
on one side and the ocean on the other.
As Clara sat out on the little three-cor-
nered balcony and watched the water,
she felt as if there were something
ridiculously suggestive in her environ-
ment—Harry and Mr. Brown, the bay
and the ocean, and she between them.

The sun was bright and warm for a
November day, but the wind was fresh;
and in one of its whiffs it carried off
a little pile of letters that lay in the girl's
lap, and whirled them over the sand.
She ran down, pursuing them; and,
having captured them with some
trouble, perched herself on a rock more
sheltered from the wind and began to
re-read some of the pages:

"This is a precious judgment, enthusiastic,
merciful, understanding, but excessively
hasty, determined in hate. Little as I
know of you, God humer under circumstances
irritating to most men occasional spurts of
bitterness in unexpected places."

"Steady and unimpeachable in habits of
thought and emotion; upholding in will-
ingness of disposition, tendency to extremes, ad-
hering to narrowness of view; self-contained and
self-sufficient; 'cranky' in action con-
sistent with a general independence; a singular
rival towards before the opposition of some
one person—probably of the opposite sex."

"Well, I suppose that's Harry and
Mr. Brown. There's a sort of magnifi-
cence about Mr. Brown's air of reserve
and importance, but I believe he is
selfish and unsympathetic. I wonder
if it was a mean trick, getting their
characters read from their hand-
writing? It's a funny business, any-
way, for that man—but he's remark-
ably clever at it; and fifty cents a piece
—well it's cheap for the fun there is in
it, but I don't know now which I like
best. Mr. Brown is so disagreeable,
and Harry is such a dear—but he's only a
boy. Sometimes I think I love neither
one, and sometimes I think I love them
both."

IV.

ANOTHER BALCONY SCENE.
The afternoon was sunnier and
milder than the morning, and only the
Indian summer haze betrayed the fact
that it was not June.

Clara was sitting again in the three-
cornered balcony, and directly in front
of her stood a young man, grasping the
railing with twitching fingers. His
hair was brown, but with more color
in it than brown hair usually has; his
eyes were bluer than most blue eyes;
and his fair skin had a flush like a
girl's.

"I asked you to come first," spoke
Clara, calmly, "because I have made
up my mind to say no to you."
Harry's color grew fiercer, and his
hold of the railing tenser.

"Won't you tell me why?" he said,
with a mixture of beseeching and bully-
ing in his tone.

"Oh, you are so 'prejudiced,' so 'un-
discriminating,' and you have 'occa-
sional spurts of bad temper in unex-
pected places,' laughed Clara. The im-
periousness of his voice nettled her,
and she would not answer seriously.

Not being aware of the "character
read by chirography," Harry failed to
appreciate the joke, and replied quite
seriously:

"Well, I don't see how you can call a
fellow 'undiscriminating' that chooses
you; and if I'm hot-headed, it's in a
good cause."

"Yes, it said you were enthusiastic
and loyal," Clara went on, smiling
faintly.

"If said! Well, I'm obliged to it, who-
ever it is. But Clara, my love can't be
for nothing when it's my life given
to you—and you do love me—I can see
it your eyes. Let me kiss you, and
you'll be sure of it, yourself!"

And as Harry bent over her, Clara
threw her arms around his neck, and
said:

"Yes, I believe I do."

V.

THE TAIL-PIECE.
The Indian summer had vanished
with the afternoon, and it was Novem-
ber again; but the sea was not so sul-
len or so lonely as the man that stood
at its edge and gazed with aimless di-
rectness on the vanishing line of the
horizon.

"She is right. I am a bear, too harsh
and unsympathetic to enter into her
life. These fellows, like Willis, warm-
blooded and gentle, always work it
better with women. I'll just let them
alone in the future."

And the last afterglow seemed to die
out of the sky, as the tense figure strode
away into the night.—J. M. Anderson,
in N. Y. Independent.

A skillful flatterer.

Bob Van Slyck called on a Madison
avenue family, in which there were
two old-maid sisters of about fifty
years of age. Van Slyck was an old
friend of the family, and one of them
being in a bantering mood said:

"Mr. Van Slyck, which of us do you
think is the oldest?"

Van was in a dilemma. He did not
like to hurt the feelings of either. He
looked from one to the other, and
asked:

"You want me to say which of you
two girls is the oldest?"

"Yes."
"Neither of you looks older than the
other. Each of you girls looks younger
than the other."—Texas Sittings.

He Wanted to Know.
"Excuse me," said Mr. J. Hay Seed
to the stranger who had so cordially
shaken hands with him; "excuse my
askin', but air you a regular profes-
sional or jist a amatoor?"

"Jist?"
"I mean air you a bunco man or
merely a candidate for office?"—Indian-
apolis Journal.

PRAYERS AND PANCAKES.

Troubles of the Pious Proprietor of a San
Francisco Restaurant.

A Market street restaurant is noted
equally for the piety of the proprietor
and the beauty of the waiter girls, says
the San Francisco Examiner. On the
walls are neatly-framed texts from
Scripture, which serve to keep the guest
from getting lonesome while the star-
ved Venus is forgetting to order his
ham and eggs turned over. You can
spell the words backward and make in-
teresting combinations of them until
she comes back with broiled codfish and
liver on the side.

The proprietor runs several such es-
tablishments in various states, and goes
from one to the other on tours of in-
spection. A few days ago "his jags,"
as the giddy waitress refers to him,
came to the Market street place. There
he saw all his pretty waitresses serving
hot cakes and codfish balls with their
heads uncovered, and glorious bangs
surrounding each like a coronet.

Now, everybody knows that a bang is
a wicked invention of the enemy of
souls, and the good man was shocked.
He ran back home, shocked, for he said
so, and he is a pious man.

This proprietor does not confine him-
self to helping his erring customers
with Scripture on the wall; he has also
the souls of his pretty waitresses on his
mind. Every morning there is a prayer
meeting held in the basement. The
prayers are delivered at six thirty in
the morning, as was to interfere with
the business of the breakfast hours.

Some of the waitresses are frivolous,
and would sooner devote the few min-
utes before work to giving an extra tip
to their bums, or an extra twist to their
immaculate aprons. To overcome this
deplorable tendency the proprietor fines
each one who fails to appear at prayer
meeting fifteen cents. This has the de-
sired effect, and there are very few de-
linquents.

The other morning, as usual, the girls
went downstairs to prayers. Particular
stress was laid in the exhortations on
the evils of pride and vanity and the
virtues of humility and obedience.
This over, the girls were confronted
with an array of white caps, about as
becoming as a pair of overalls. These
they were requested to don.

They hesitated rebelliously. One of
the girls, whose bangs are the pride
and envy of the shop, timidly put one
of the horrid things on. She caught
sight of herself in a looking-glass.
Then she burst into tears, threw the cap
on the floor and stamped on it.

The good man was much distressed.
He had prayed over again, and stronger
than ever did he draw the contrast be-
tween pride and humility. But the
mirror preached four times as forcibly
as he did, and when he insisted the
waitresses simply struck. They would
not cover up their tresses for any man,
they said, and they did not.

The proprietor reasoned, temporized
and surrendered. The next day the
customers noted a ring of triumph and
deliance in the tones of the girls as they
shouted to the cook:

"Three times on the hammege, flap-
jacks for two, liver and bacon, liver
well done, and be quick—gentleman in
a hurry."

SAM HOUSTON'S WARNING.

The Mystery Surrounding His Matrimonial
Venture.

It is well known that immediately after
his marriage to the beautiful daugh-
ter of a southern governor Sam Hous-
ton, of Texas, resigned the governor-
ship of Tennessee, to which he had
just been elected, and left the executive
mansion for the wigwag of the old
Cherokee chief who had reared him
from infancy to young manhood. But
the reason for his strange conduct has
never been explained beyond his own
simple announcement that his reasons
for leaving his bride were no reflection
upon her character. Only one man,
writes Forrest Crissey in Chicago
Times, had the hardihood to approach
Houston for a more elaborate explana-
tion of the mystery. He was Houston's
most intimate friend during the for-
mer's wonderful Texas career.

In an ill-advised moment, when these
inseparable companions were sitting at
Houston's desk, the friend gave the
governor a leading opportunity to give
an account of that sealed chapter in his
romantic life.

"What!" exclaimed Houston, drawing
back into the stern, imperious manner
which he assumed toward those who
displeased him. "You, too, my friend,
you, too, curious?" Then, with the
dramatic force so natural to him, he
lifted his finger in warning and with a
countenance expressive of the keenest
pain exclaimed: "Never again, my
friend! never again!"

It was his last reference to the sad
mystery of his youth.

AN AMERICAN TRAVELER.

One Who Never Paid Anything
for Transportation.

He Had Eaten at the Expense of Many
of the Leading Hotels Throughout
the Country—His Trick on a
Railway Official.

He is a great traveler, says the Nash-
ville American.

There is a man in Nashville who has
traveled the length and breadth of the
United States, from Maine to Mexico,
from New York to San Francisco, and
did not pay a dime for his passage, and
he rode half the way in a first-class pas-
senger coach, the other half in box cars
as "billed baggage."

At present this distinguished traveler
is registered at the work house.

Everybody in Nashville knows him,
especially the policemen. A reporter
called on the traveler recently and
found him in a mood to recite various
remembrances, some of them of thrill-
ing interest.

"I reckon," said he, "I am about
as well known in the big cities of the
country as the president, and when the
authorities of the place hear I am com-
ing on a visit they receive me with open
arms, although they don't have a brass
band to play martial music and have
me ride in a carriage. The mayor
doesn't make a speech of welcome, but
the address of the police judge is im-
pressive when he scowls at me and
jerks out: 'Thirty days on the rock pile.'"

"There's a secret in getting about the
country on your face, and even when
it's known some fellows haven't sense
enough to work the racket. Every
time I leave Nashville I rig up in a new
suit, and it takes a week to come down
about forty or fifty miles away. I never
fall in with a crowd of bums, for it's always
best to travel by yourself."

"When I start from one town to an-
other I generally strike the cannon-ball
trains and find out what kind of a crew
they carry. If it's a good set of men I
slide between the mail-car and tender.
If the trainmen are 'tough' on a fellow
I crawl up under the trucks and hang on,
or sometimes I get on top of a passenger
coach and lie down by the lights. Rid-
ing the trains is dangerous, and if a
fellow don't know how it's done he's a
goner. You have to cramp yourself up
in a peculiar position, hold your feet up
and never move during the ride. Some-
times I ride the brake-rods. That's the
easiest and safest way to travel when
you're out on the beat. I get a plank
with a nail in each end, so it won't slip,
put it under the rod and straddle it.
When I get in the passenger coach I
put up a pitiful tale about being an un-
fortunate railroad man and having lost
my papers, and I generally get my
ride."

"I made fifty dollars once, and it
was the easiest money that ever came
into my hands. Maj. Clarice was the
passenger agent of the Atchison, To-
peka & Santa Fe road, and I went to
him in Fort Worth, told him I was an
unfortunate and I wanted to get out of
town. He gave me a pass to any point
about thirty miles up the road and
I left that night. When I went
into the coach who should I see but
Maj. Clarice. He motioned for me to
have a seat by him, and commenced
asking about me and how I man-
aged to get about. 'Why, major,' I
said, 'I have traveled over your road a
hundred times and never paid a cent
or had a pass, nor beat my way.' At
this the old man pricked up his ears,
for he thought he would catch some one
of his conductors at some underhand
trick."

"How do you do it?" the major asked
me.

"That's a secret," said I.

"I'll give you twenty dollars to put
me on to it."

"Make it fifty," said I.

"Done," and he passed over the
money.

"Well, major, I walk."

"He saw I had him and he didn't
kick, but he cocked his eye and looked
at me a long time. When I got hungry
I go to the biggest hotel in the city,
give the clerk a pitiful song and dance
and I get a square meal. Sometimes
they take me up in the dining-room,
and sometimes they give me a hand-
out. I have eaten at the Palmer house
in Chicago, at the Ponce de Leon in St.
Augustine, at the Fifth Avenue in New
York, and in fact, the finest hotels in
the country on that scheme."

"The life is a checkered one, but I
like it, and I guess I will always be a
bum."

The "Oudja."

The latest craze to strike Philadel-
phia is the wearing of the "Oudja," a
pretty little Egyptian charm, supposed
to ward off all forms of evil, says the
Philadelphia Record. The charm is
thin, and is about an inch long and half
an inch wide. A conspicuous figure is
the eye of "Horus," which represents
the sun, and a tear drop hanging pen-
dant from the eye represents the river
Nile. The little charm, which has been
worn in England for a couple of years,
has been indispensable to the super-
stitious Egyptians for many centuries.
A pretty story explains the English
crave. A young officer in the English
army sent one home to his bride with
an explanation of its origin. After a
battle in the Sudan the young officer
was reported dead, but the wife refused
to believe it. Later on, the official dis-
patches confirmed the death, but still
the bride had faith in the little charm.
Several months later the missing hus-
band turned up alive and well and the
"Oudja" became a fad of great propor-
tions.

RECENT ANIMAL YARNS.

Cats continue growing until they are
a year old.

SAN FRANCISCO has a cat that is a
confirmed toper. He drinks whisky in
preference to water.

GROUND squirrels scattered wheat
over the country in Lane county, Kan.,
and now it is coming up on the raw
prairie.

ROBERT SHAW, of Snow's Falls, Me.,
went to sleep in a field the other day,
and when he awoke he was minus a
good pair of trousers. Field mice,
which swarm in Oxford county, had
gnawed the garment into shreds and
carried it away.

A FRIENDSHIP between a rat and a
dog is the latest curious story of animal
attachments. The dog, who lives in
Northamptonshire, Eng., is a sworn
enemy of all rats except one, and has
made a good record for ridding his mas-
ter's premises of them.

BRIGHT ANSWERS.

SEN.—"You will never ask me to do
the cooking, will you, love?" He—"No,
pet. I have a touch of the dyspepsia
already."—Harper's Bazar.

OLD SUBSCRIBER (to editor)—"You
gained your suit against the railroad.
How much did you get?" Editor—"No-
thing. I had a lawyer."—Atlanta
Constitution.

"It is a great pity," said the sports-
man's wife after he had told her of his
day's experiences. "What is?" he
asked. "That a fish can't grow as rap-
idly before it is caught as it does after-
ward."—Washington Star.

A WEAK EDITOR.—Eastern Man—"My
old friend Scribner is editing a paper
out west. Is he running it in the in-
terest of morality and good govern-
ment?" Westerner—"I guess not. He
has never been shot at."—Demorest's
Magazine.

FROM TRUTH'S STOREHOUSE.

DARKNESS is the star's best friend.
What time of day is it when love
stops work?

Don't try to kill a fly on your neigh-
bor's head with a hammer.

CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 30, 1892.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

H. C. DAKS—Merchants' Exchange.
L. P. FISHER—Merchants' Exchange.
G. H. KELLOGG—230 Pine Street.

(New York Press.)

TARIFF PICTURE.

The McKinley bill not only increased the duty on each of the five crops—wheat, corn, oats, hay and beans—which the Mississippi Valley cotton planters decided to grow in place of cotton to the extent of 30 per cent. of last year's cotton acreage, but it increased our cotton goods exports from \$9,673,302

in eleven months of 1890 to \$12,646,394 in eleven months of 1891.

The Delegates from the California Press Association to the National Editorial Association were more successful in their mission, to have the Association hold its next annual session in California, than the Republican and Democrats were in getting their Conventions held in San Francisco. The Editorial Convention accepted the California invitation and will hold its session in San Francisco on the 17th of May. The coming of 800 or 1,000 Eastern editors to this State next Spring will be a thousand times more benefit to California than both the political Conventions could have been. These editors will be shown every part of the State, and everything in it worth seeing, and when they return to their Eastern homes, they will, as their brethren will who have just been here, give such a glorious account of their sightseeing while on this Coast, as to cause a strong tide of immigration to set this way.

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE.

In the course of his official address before the Board of City Trustees Monday night City Attorney R. B. Terry delivered himself on this sentiment: After making the somewhat superfluous statement that he is a Democrat, he illustrated his fealty to party by saying that as a matter of principle, if the Democrats should nominate Jack the Ripper for President and the Republicans should nominate the purest and best statesman, he would vote for the Democratic nominee. To suggest to the people of Fresno what their opinion on such sentiment should be, would be to insult their intelligence—Fresno Republican.

This is the Terry the Democrats of this District once ran for Congress. What do decent Democrats think of him? What can they think of a man who will make such a statement publicly, and mean what he says?

State Miners' Association.

The late Miners' State Convention organized a State Miners' Association, with the following officers: J. H. Neff, President; W. C. Ralston, Secretary; T. B. Everett, Assistant Secretary, and Henry Pichler, Treasurer. A large number of Vice Presidents were elected. Mono being represented by R. M. Folger of the CHRONICLE-UNION, who is also on the Executive Committee.

Boss.—The Inyo Independent, in an article laudatory of Hill, winds up by saying that "every indication points to his elevation to the Presidency next year." There is not the slightest indication of such a misfortune to the country. He cannot get the nomination, and would not be elected if he should succeed by his trickery in getting a nomination. We hope the Independent man is not counting on succeeding Bro. Craig in the Register's office through the success of David B. Hill.

A cat belonging to H. (tossman, attacked a 20-inch alligator brought to his place in Chinatown. Both animals kept their eyes fixed on each other for a few minutes, the alligator backing sound and round. At last the cat sprang high in the air, alighting on the reptiles back, embedded its teeth to the gums and kept them there until the crocodile died.

Justice Joseph P. Bradley, of the Supreme Court of the United States, died in Washington on the 22nd, of la grippe.—The Democracy will always remember him as one of the memorable Electoral Commission, which gave the Presidency to Hayes by a vote of 8 to 7.

The farmers of Nebraska have no reason to complain of "hard times." In October they paid off mortgages to the amount of \$1,348,000.

Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, is making it hot for some Democratic papers, which have been libeling him. He has secured convictions of some of his libelers.

The Pima Indians in Arizona are dying from the grip. Over one hundred have already died, and it is spreading through the Papagos and other tribes.

Since the 15th of December eight veterans have died at the Veterans' Home at Yountville, Napa county, of grip.

Emerald county, Nev., has a new post-office in Tale Canyon, called Senner.

The Democratic National Convention is to be held at Chicago.

They had a good rain on the other side of the mountains on Monday.

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING.

Among some business men the false idea prevails that when there comes a dull season in trade the very best thing in which to retrench is in advertising. There is no greater business mistake. The time of all others in which to enlarge and persistently push in advertising is when there is a tendency to dulness. This is an economic truth announced by Freeman Hunt thirty years ago, and which has never been successfully controverted. When business channels are crowded and the current of trade runs strong and deep, there is least need of presenting the special advantages and the trade pulse declines, the need for the stimulant of advertising is greatest. It is in the dull season that "bargains," as the word goes, are most sought; it is the time when, if there are advantages to be had by the buyer, he most seeks them, and hence, if some sacrifices are to be made by those having goods to offer, they should be most fully and strongly presented through legitimate advertising mediums. In short, one means to make dull times brisk times, is to advertise freely. Let the mercantile community by its retrenchment in presenting its claims, confess that it feels stagnation, and it directly contributes to and augments it. At the East the men of business who most advertise and best understand the art, for it is an art, invariably enlarge their advertising output when times are duller. They have learned by experience that such a policy is one of true economy.—Sacramento Record-Union.

There is probably no city in the United States where there is so much complaint of "dull times," as in all seasons of the year, too, as there is in San Francisco, and for the state of affairs the Southern Pacific Railroad Company is held, in a great measure, responsible, the merchants of that city claiming that they have to pay such high freight rates as to preclude them from competing with the merchants of the North, where there is said to be a competition in railroad freights. The fault is not entirely with the railroad company. It is the great lack of enterprise of the average San Francisco merchant. The merchants of that city by the Bay have an idea that they can live and do business and grow rich within themselves, and do not attempt to reach out and bring business into the city, from the interior of their own State and adjoining States of Nevada; whose trade should naturally go to that city, if its people would invite and foster such trade, but they do not; and that they do not have the volume of trade from the interior and from Nevada is because they do not invite it by "JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING."

Outside of a few dry goods concerns, and "Cheap John" clothing stores, one finds but few advertisements of San Francisco merchants, even in their own city papers, and none of any consequence in the interior country press, from which sections they look for trade. The San Francisco merchant who advertises only in his city papers is very much mistaken if he thinks his advertisement will bring him much trade from the interior. Where one city paper is taken and read in the country, there are a dozen local papers read. The people of the interior do not read the advertisements in the city papers—they read the news and kindle the fire with the daily; but every advertisement in the country weekly is read, and the paper is carefully laid aside and looked at again and again before it is destroyed.

One of the most prosperous and best known concerns in San Francisco commenced business when The Palace Hotel was being erected, and with comparatively no capital, but the two young men composing the firm knew the value of printing ink when rightly used, and to-day O'Brien & Alexander are better known throughout the length and breadth of California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington than any other concern in San Francisco. Go to any little hamlet on this Coast and you will find they are well-known—and why? Because they have spent money in advertising in the country papers, and you hear no complaints from them of dull times.—Their army of clerks is busy as bees at all times. If the San Francisco merchants would follow their example they would see a difference in their business, and they would not find the interior people sending East for goods on invitation of Chicago and other Eastern concerns which advertise their business in the country papers of California and Nevada.

The merchants of Sacramento are more liberal in this respect and it has paid them to be so, as on the capital invested they are doing a better business than the San Francisco merchants. And why is this?—It is because they invite trade from the interior of the State and Nevada by advertising in the country papers. It has been through advertising and liberal dealing that Weinstein & Lubin, who commenced business in Sacramento in a store no bigger than the CHRONICLE-UNION's chicken house, have been enabled to purchase a valuable lot and erect the finest store in all California. And Hale, Bros. & Co. of that city, have also built up a magnificent business through judicious advertising.

If a newspaper man asks a San Francisco merchant for an advertisement he is rebuffed by the remark: "We never advertise. We reach our customers through our catalogue." Perhaps they do, but they do not reach new customers through their catalogues. A dozen "competing railroads" terminating at San Francisco's City Hall would not make business any better in that city unless its merchants take to advertising throughout the State and Nevada, and invite the people of the entire coast to trade with them. That's business!

The Philadelphia delegates to the Republican National Convention are all for Blaine, and are all veterans. Most of them were in the Convention of '80 and voted for Grant, and in '84, voted for Arthur.

The President on Monday sent his message to Congress with the correspondence in the Chili trouble. It is an exhaustive document and gives the fullest particulars of the trouble with the insolent little South American Republic. The message was, of course, referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations of both Houses. It is presumed they will give the matter immediate attention and take decisive steps to uphold the honor of our flag and the American uniform, something we have not been in the habit of doing.

On the 21st Secretary Blaine telegraphed Minister Egan the President's ultimatum. He says: "No self-respecting government can consent that persons in its service, whether civil or military, shall be beaten and killed in foreign territory in resentment of acts done by or imputed to their government without exacting suitable reparation."

The leading members of Congress are in favor of backing up the President in bringing Chili to a settlement of the trouble. Holman, the great "objector," said there would be no withholding of appropriations in case they may be necessary.—Senator Gibson, of Maryland, said he would stand by the President.

Orders of Alabama was for war. He thought the message well timed and conservative in tone. "In uttering this," said Oates, "in my judgment I am uttering the sentiments of old Southern rebels who are prepared to fight like devils for the maintenance of the honor of the country. If Chili does not apologize we ought to whip hell out of her."

In speaking on Chilean affairs Senator Culham said if "those fellows don't back out we will clean them out."

LEGAL.

Taxes, 1891. Taxes.

NOTICE

TO

TAX PAYERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE SECOND AND LAST INSTALLMENT of the Tax on the REAL ESTATE in Mono county, California, being One-half (½) of said Tax, is now due and payable; and, if not paid prior to the

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF APRIL, 1892, at SIX o'clock P. M. of that day, a penalty of FIVE (5) per cent. will be added thereto. ALSO, NOTICE is given that the Tax on the whole of the Personal Property, and one-half (½) of the Real Estate, which was not paid when due, as the First Installment, prior to the 30th day of November, 1891, and to which a penalty of Fifteen (15) per cent. was added thereto, is due and payable, and, if not paid prior to the

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF APRIL, 1892, at SIX o'clock P. M. of that day, an additional penalty of FIVE (5) per cent. will be added thereto, making a total of TWENTY (20) per cent. AND NOTICE is further given that, if the Tax is not paid prior to the

THIRTY-FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1892, the list of DELINQUENT TAXES will be placed with the printer, and published on the ELEVENTH DAY OF JUNE, 1892, and will be sold on the

FIFTH DAY OF JULY, 1892, at TEN o'clock A. M. of that day, at the front door of the Court House, in the Town of Bridgeport, Mono county, California, for lawful money of the United States, cash in hand paid. N. B.—Taxes are payable in United States lawful money. Checks will be first cashed before the amount is credited or receipt given. Dated Bridgeport, January 11th, 1892. M. J. COOY, Tax-Collector of Mono County, California.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PIONEER SALOON.

GURNEY BUILDING—MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT. Refitted and furnished with the BEST of everything required in a First-Class Saloon. J. F. M. RICHARDSON.

BRIDGEPORT SALOON.

CORNER OF COURT HOUSE BLOCK AND MAIN STREET. BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL. This SALOON has been refitted, and is stocked with the BEST of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS. And will be conducted first class. J. B. SIMMONS, Proprietor.

PALACE SALOON.

(Brick Building) MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT, CAL. FINE WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, ETC. THOMAS FALES.

A SPECIALTY.

GRADED POULTRY. Brahma, Leghorn, and Plymouth Rock. For Sale by R. G. WATKINS, Antelope Valley, Mono County, Cal.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Quick Time and Cheap Fares To Eastern and European Cities, via the Great Trans-continental All-Rail Routes —OF THE— Southern Pacific Company. (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Daily Express Trains make prompt connections with the several Railway lines in the East, AND AT NEW YORK and NEW ORLEANS

With the several Steamer Lines to ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars —AND— TOURIST SLEEPING CARS attached to the period Express Trains.

Tickets sold, Sleeping Car Berths secured and proper information given upon application at the Company's Office, where passengers calling in person can secure choice of routes, etc.

Orders sold at Lowest Rates for tickets for passage from Europe and Eastern Cities to any point in the Pacific States and Territories. These Orders, if not used, will be redeemed at the full amount paid therefor.

RICH DORR, T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Traffic Manager. Gen. Pass. Agt. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

RAILROAD LANDS.

For Lands in Central and Northern California, Oregon, Nevada and Utah, apply to or address W. H. HILLS, Land Agent, C. P. R. R., SAN FRANCISCO.

For Lands in Southern California, apply to or address JEROME MADDEN, Land Agent, S. P. R. R., SAN FRANCISCO.

GELATT'S BRIDGEPORT LINE.

Carrying the United States Mail.

On and after JULY 1st, 1891, will leave GENOA (On ARRIVAL OF STAGES from CARSON) MONDAYS and FRIDAYS.

Connecting at HOLBROOK'S, on above days, for TOPAZ, COLEVILLE and BRIDGEPORT.

Leaves BRIDGEPORT at 6 A. M. on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS for Coleville, Topaz and Holbrook, CONNECTING WITH STAGES FOR Genoa and Carson. R. GELATT, Proprietor.

EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the EAST WALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD are as follows: Buggy team, \$1.50; Loaded wagon and two animals, 1.00; Each additional pair of animals, .50; Horseman, .25; Pack animals, each, .25; Stage and passenger, each, .10; Loose stock, each, .05; Empty teams, half-price.

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD are as follows: No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road. All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, and no credit is given.

Pure team, \$1.50; Loaded wagon and two animals, 1.00; Each additional pair of animals, .50; Horseman, .25; Pack animals, each, .25; Stage and passenger, each, .10; Loose stock, each, .05; Empty teams, half-price.

ANTELOPE TOLL ROAD.

RATES OF TOLL. Horse and buggy, .75; Double team, 1.00; Additional span, .25; Horseman, .25; Loose stock, .05. WILLIAM PRICE.

MINING NOTICES.

Notice to Co-Owners. TO BENJAMIN HEALEY, THE ESTATE OF NATHAN ATKINSON HEWSON, AND PHILIP A. ATKINSON. You and each of you are hereby notified that I, the undersigned, have heretofore secured one Hundred Dollars in labor and improvements upon the Silver Mining Claim, said mining claim being situated and lying in Jackson Mining District, Mono County, State of California, in order to hold said premises, under the provisions of Section 2324 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required for holding the same for the calendar year ending December 31st, 1891, and if, at the expiration of Ninety Days after this Notice by publication, viz. at the expiration of 180 days from the 23d day of January, 1892—the date of the first publication hereof—you and each of you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditure as co-owners, then your interest in said mining claim will become the property of the subscriber, under and by virtue of said Section of the Mining Law hereinbefore mentioned. Dated San Francisco, Cal., January 14th, 1892. MARTIN JONES. First publication, January 23, 1892. ja23-30d

HOTELS.

ALLEN HOUSE, BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. First-Class In Its Appointments. Livery and Feed Stable connected with the Hotel. The patronage of the Public respectfully solicited. my30-tf LEWIS A. MURPHY.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, Main street. BODIE.....CAL. N. W. ROYD, Proprietor.

THE ABOVE NOTES, WILL BE conducted as first-class in all its Departments. The Table Cannot Be Excelled. THE ROOMS ARE FIRST-CLASS. Being Heated and Kept Scrupulously Clean. Very Best Attention, as well as the Best Accommodations.

HOT SPRINGS HOTEL. SAMUEL FALES, Proprietor. JUNCTION OF THE ANTELOPE AND SONOKA WAGON ROADS. (65 miles from Carson and 30 from Bodie) MONO COUNTY, CAL. This well-known and popular "Summer Resort" is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, amid wide and picturesque scenery, which offers superior inducements for tourists. The best of accommodations for families, the rooms being large and airy. For invalids the STEAM, MUD AND SWIMMING BATHS. The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the bar. Gold Fishing in Walker River. Commodious Stabling. my24-tf

BARNETT'S HOTEL. COLEVILLE, MONO COUNTY, CAL. Antelope Wagon Road, 50 miles from Carson City and 51 from Bodie. D. M. BARNETT, Proprietor. The hotel is new, commodious and pleasantly situated. The table is supplied with the best and most select affairs. The BAR is supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Stabling and Blacksmith shop connected with the house.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. H. M. EDDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY, BRIDGEPORT, MONO CO., CAL. Will practice in all the Courts of the State of California. Land, Mining, and Water Rights, a specialty. OFFICE—Court House. ja24

CHARLES L. HAYES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC. BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

FRANK P. WILLARD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BODIE, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. Water Rights, Land and Mining Liabilities a specialty. 47-3m

W. O. PARKER, P. W. BENNETT, Bridgeport, Cal. Stockton, Cal.

BENNETT & PARKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. 1618-tf

R. S. MINER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal. Will practice in all the Courts of California and Nevada. Mining litigation will receive special attention. ja18-tf

TEACH \$3000 A YEAR. You learn. Have you written your year? If you haven't, wisdom and intelligence suggest to-day, I will teach you my system, personal, practical, and profitable. I will teach you how to write, and who, that I, the undersigned, have heretofore secured one Hundred Dollars in labor and improvements upon the Silver Mining Claim, said mining claim being situated and lying in Jackson Mining District, Mono County, State of California, in order to hold said premises, under the provisions of Section 2324 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required for holding the same for the calendar year ending December 31st, 1891, and if, at the expiration of Ninety Days after this Notice by publication, viz. at the expiration of 180 days from the 23d day of January, 1892—the date of the first publication hereof—you and each of you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditure as co-owners, then your interest in said mining claim will become the property of the subscriber, under and by virtue of said Section of the Mining Law hereinbefore mentioned. Dated San Francisco, Cal., January 14th, 1892. MARTIN JONES. First publication, January 23, 1892. ja23-30d

LEGAL.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California. MRS. CLARA WAGGON KOHL, Plaintiff, vs. FRED. ALBERT KOHL, Defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said County.

BEN H. MILLER, Plaintiff's Attorney. The People of the State of California send Greeting to FRED. ALBERT KOHL, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the said County of Mono, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days, exclusive of the day of service, after the service on you of this summons—if served in this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days. The said action is brought to obtain a Decree of matrimony now existing between you and the Plaintiff herein; that said Plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name of Clara Waggon Koehl; that you be required to pay a reasonable sum of money to said Plaintiff to defray the costs and expenses of this action and Counsel fees; that you be further required to pay to Plaintiff the sum of thirty dollars, (\$30), per month or such other sum as the Hon. Court may deem just during the pendency of this action, and on such other terms as the Statutes prescribe, and for general relief. All of which will more fully appear on reference to the Complaint on file herein, to which you are hereby referred, a copy of which accompanies this summons.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Hon. Court for the relief therein demanded, in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, this 15th day of January, in the year of Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one. J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.

Indorsed: No. 888. Superior Court, County of Mono. C. M. Kohl, Plaintiff, v. F. A. Kohl, Defendant. Summons. Filed Nov. 17th, 1891. J. D. MURPHY, Clerk. BEN H. MILLER, Plaintiff's Attorney. n23-2m

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. G. HUGHES, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKER.

BRIDGEPORT, CAL. BUREAU AND OX SHEDS, AND GENERAL JOBBING.

R. A. LEALE, MANUFACTURER OF Sarsaparilla and Iron Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale, Soda Water, Etc.

BODIE, CAL. W. A. R. LOOSE, ASSAYER AND METALLURGIST.

BODIE, CALIFORNIA. HOMER E. OSBORN, GENERAL BROKER IN

Merchandise, Fire, Life and Accident Insurance. 510 California Street. SAN FRANCISCO.

EVERYBODY READS THE CHRONICLE-UNION—\$3 PER YEAR.

THE LEADING PAPER OF MONO COUNTY.

ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CHRONICLE-UNION. A GLEAN FAMILY JOURNAL.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 30, 1892.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

Miss Mamie Parker and her brother Patsy left, on Friday by Galati's stage, for their home in Butte, Mont.
James A. Hawkins returned home from Lundy last evening.

Cash Land Patents.

Register Craig, of the Independence Land Office, gives notice in the Inyo Index that he has received the following Cash Entry Patents, issued Dec. 21, 1891, and will be delivered upon surrender of Receiver's Duplicate Receipt:

- No. 573—George Troy.
- No. 574—Harrison Berry.
- No. 526—Antonio F. Gonzales.

Don't Smoke.—G. B. Day, who visited Mason Valley this week, informs us that McLeod had a stack of 300 tons of hay, a derrick and wagon burned recently. The man feeding the stock was smoking and it is supposed the fire from his pipe or cigar set the hay on fire. Moral—don't smoke when you are in a barn or working about a hay stack. If you do somebody is liable to be out and injured.

BLEISSON RIDE.—A large party of our citizens have arranged for a fine sleigh ride up to Sam Fales' Hot Springs to-day, weather permitting. Good music will be of the crowd, and to-night they will have a dance, and return to town to-morrow. As the road is in fine sleighing condition, they will have a fine time, as the Fales' will give them a hospitable reception.

LOOK OUT.—The Sacramento Record-Union warns the public to look out for a bogus five-dollar bill that is being circulated in the interior. It is marked "Series of 1890, United States Note," and signed by J. N. Stanton, Treasurer of the United States. The number is A 324,455,760. We have looked over all our five-dollar bills and have found none of that kind.

SCHOOL FUNDS.—Superintendent Corneia Richards has apportioned the State School funds—\$1,807 83, as follows:

| DISTRICT. | STATE. | LIBRARY. |
|----------------|------------|----------|
| Bottle | \$389 83 | 43 00 |
| Bridgeport | 185 00 | 21 50 |
| Denton | 185 00 | 21 50 |
| Antelope | 185 00 | 21 50 |
| South Antelope | 114 75 | 12 75 |
| North Antelope | 185 00 | 21 50 |
| Long Lake | 185 00 | 21 50 |
| Lundy | 114 75 | 12 75 |
| Clinton | 114 75 | 12 75 |
| | \$1,704 08 | \$188 75 |

MARRIED.—Last evening Charles E. Day and Mand Schuman were married. Hon. W. H. Virden, Superior Judge, officiating. It was a fine wedding, the families only being present. The band serenaded them.

FOR SALE.—A second-hand high-arm Domestic sewing machine for sale very cheap by Thomas Fales.

W. C. Hendricks, ex-Secretary of State, died in Sacramento on Sunday of inflammation of the brain. He was a co-sin of Vice-President Hendricks, and has been a prominent worker in the Democratic ranks in this State, and was elected Secretary of State when Bartlett was elected Governor, and filled the position with credit to himself and the State. He was a native of Pennsylvania and was 67 years old. He was a resident of Butte county when elected Secretary of State, and had large mining interests in that county. California can ill afford to lose such men as W. C. Hendricks.

Stump, of Maryland, will introduce a bill in Congress to prohibit Chinese coming to this country for the next twenty years. It is very sweeping in its provisions, with heavy penalties. It prohibits them coming from their own or any other country, and when those here return to China they will have to remain out of this country.

The Supreme Court having decided that Supervisors have no authority to appoint Deputies for county officers, the law requiring them to pay their deputies out of their salaries, the Alameda County Clerk, and probably others, will have to resign.—The Alameda Clerk gets \$13,000 a year, and his deputies cost about \$30,000 a year.

At the Stanford sale of horses, in New York, this week, Worth, full brother of Sunol, sold for \$14,500, and \$35,000 were refused for Advertiser. Baby McKee, brother of Arion, which sold for \$150,000, was sold to a New Yorker, for \$25,000. Who says it does not pay to raise fine stock?

A heavy gale prevailed in San Francisco on Monday, making outdoor life very uncomfortable. The air was filled with dust and sand, until noon, when a rain set in.

Arthur Leonard, the defaulting Wells Fargo & Co. agent, of Carson, has been found guilty and sentenced to three years in State Prison.

MARRIAGES.

DAY-SCHUMAN.—In Bridgeport, January 28th, by Hon. W. H. Virden, Superior Judge, Charles E. Day to Mand Schuman, both of this place.

MINERS' STATE CONVENTION.

The Miners' State Convention met at San Francisco on the 20th, and was well attended. J. M. Hoff, of Placer county, was chosen Chairman, and W. C. Balston, Secretary.

A series of resolutions were adopted, setting forth the importance of hydraulic mining to the interests of this State and Nation, and asking the aid of the General Government in the interest of such mining, by causing to be built restraining barriers to the flow of debris into our streams, and to the injury of agricultural lands. A Memorial to Congress was adopted and a Committee of three appointed to proceed to Washington and present it to Congress. The memorial asks Congress to adopt the report of the Commission appointed to investigate the hydraulic mining business in this State, and make an appropriation to carry out its recommendations, and to make appropriations for the improvement of our navigable streams. The Supervisors of the different counties are asked to appropriate a small sum of money to pay the expenses of the Committee appointed to visit Washington and urge the passage of bills for the relief asked for.

A permanent organization was made to further the mining interests of this State, and an Executive Committee appointed.—On this Committee Mone is represented by R. M. Folger, of the CHRONICLE-UNION. This is the first substantial move the miners of this State have made to foster their interests in the matter of hydraulic mining, and it is to be hoped our Congressmen and Senators will give the Memorial their earnest attention, and bring the matter before Congress at once. At the next meeting of the Board of Supervisors an application will be made for a small appropriation to pay the expenses of the Committee, as mentioned above, and we trust there will be no objection to its allowance. Thousands of dollars can be taken out in this county of Mone under proper restrictions, and it is for the interests of this county that the work inaugurated by the late Convention should bear fruit.

The Republican State Central Committee has issued a circular, recommending the formation of Republican Clubs in every county of the State. It is unnecessary to say that we are on the eve of a very important election, and the Republicans throughout the State should organize clubs and be thoroughly united for the coming contest. We hope the Republicans of the various precincts in this county will give this matter their attention.

Hon. Pat. Reddy has bought a half-interest in the Independence mine. New County District, Inyo county, the consideration in the deed being \$5,000. We believe this purchase gives Mr. Reddy the entire property. The Inyo Index says: "Sheriff Gorman returned from Darwin, a few days ago. He tells us that the Independence mine, owned by Hon. P. Reddy, is a contact vein between granite and lime and 60 feet in width, and that in one place there is 18 inches of solid ore. It is a big thing."

The Sidney Bill case in San Francisco has brought to the front a rascally set of liars and scoundrels hailing from Chicago as well as San Francisco. A man calling himself a Minister of the Gospel is taking a hand in the dirty business. The people of that city would do a good act if they took the whole batch and swung them from adjacent lamp posts.

A company has been formed with a capital of several millions to build an electric railroad from St. Louis to Chicago. The line will be perfectly straight and the cars are to run 100 miles an hour, making the trip in 2½ hours. The time now is eight hours.

On the 22nd four Indians, including one squaw, Susanna, were lodged in the Tuolumne county jail at Sonoma, it being suspected they had a hand in the murder of Pease and Lowe at Woods' Ferry toll bridge on the 31st of January, 1891.

There is fine skating on Donner Lake, near Truckee, on the C. P. road, and excursion parties from San Francisco and Sacramento are expected to visit the Lake for a day's sport.

It is said that there are 1000 or more Chipmunks in the British possessions on our Northern boundary waiting an opportunity to smuggle themselves into this country.

Dan, Burns, our Republican "boss" has been getting in trouble in Mexico over a mining claim. He was arrested and had to deposit \$50,000 bail.

Chili has just purchased a new cruiser in England—a 3,000 ton "high stepper." Uncle Sam may gather it in with the rest of the navy of the little upstart.

Thousands of cattle are starving to death in Southern Idaho, the feed being covered by from 22 to 60 inches of snow.

FRIGHTFUL SHIPWRECKS.

Staunch ships strike and founder, the fierce winds and mountainous waves sweep noble mariners' hearts of oak to shipwreck and to death, yet that does not prevent the lubberliest of us from risking his life on the stormy Atlantic in the role of tourist or commercial traveler. But if he shall reach his destination safely he will scarcely have escaped some of the quagmires of sea sickness, unless he takes with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that infallible specific for nausea. Bad water on long trips are a threat to the voyager, but this may be deprived in a great measure of its disordering effects upon the stomach, bowels and liver by the Bitters. Against the prejudicial effects of malaria, bad diet, fatigue and exposure it is also efficacious. It cures, moreover, rheumatism and kidney complaints. Don't travel on sea or land without it.

CHILI BACKS DOWN.

And Makes a Satisfactory Apology.

Everything is Lovely.

The Government has received its reply to the ultimatum sent to Chili by the President. It is from Senor Forriera, Chilean Minister of Foreign Affairs, it is very long, and is filled with expressions of good will and friendship for the United States. The Matto note is withdrawn and apologized for. The most sincere regret is expressed for the Baltimore trouble, and an offer is made to refer it to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, which shows the friendly feelings of the Chileans towards this country. The reply is also very clear and vigorous in repelling the charge of hostility to the American flag and uniform. In effect it says: "That Chili hates the American uniforms not too well does she remember that flag and uniform in her ports and harbors, aiding her in her struggle for independence."

The dispatch is considered in Washington a full and clean apology, as it also withdraws the request for Egan's recall, and the matter will now be settled amicably, and in a manner that will bring the two countries in a close friendship. In the matter of reparation, Chili will be willing to abide by the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court.

THE BIGGEST MAN.—Among the arrivals in this city Tuesday morning was John Hanson Craig, wife, child and attendants. Mr. Craig is known to fame as the largest man in existence or that ever did exist.

When interviewed, shortly after he reached town, he was found seated on three chairs in the dining room of the Bellevue Hotel on Front street. His weight is 907 pounds; height, six feet and five inches; measurement around the hips, eight feet and four inches; thighs, sixty-six inches.—In other portions of his body he is comparatively small, having a hand over which a No. 7 glove fits neatly, a foot encased in a No. 9 shoe and a head which takes only a 7½ hat. At the present time he is 35 years of age, but when two years old he took a prize of \$1,000 for being the heaviest baby in the world, weighing then 200 pounds.

What in need of a suit of clothes he is under the necessity of buying 21½ yards of double width or 42 yards of single-width goods, or within one yard of what it would take to make six suits for that many ordinary-sized men.

His wife weighs 130 pounds, and his bright and intelligent-looking little thirteen-months-old baby thirty pounds.—Wil. Lamport (Pa.) Sun.

How the "tariff-ridden State" of Connecticut, "going to the dogs" may be inferred from the statistics of the savings banks of that State for the past year. The annual report of the Bank Commissioner shows that the savings banks of Connecticut have on deposit \$122,582,160, a gain for the year of \$6,175,484. The depositors number 317,225, of whom 285,237 have less than \$1,000 each on deposit. The depositors have increased 12,063 during the year. According to these official figures there have been forty additional depositors in the savings banks for each business day last year, and \$20,000 a day increase in deposits right through the year. And this is how the McKinley tariff is ruining Connecticut.

Antioch, Concord, and Martinez, all in Contra Costa county, are rivals for a best sugar factory somebody talks of establishing in that county.

The new French cruiser Arethuse, struck a rock on her trial trip, and so badly damaged as to require a million francs to repair her.

Indian Cousins for Hawaii.

Now the labor question is troubling the people of the Sandwich Islands. Hawaii wants cheaper labor, and lots of it. Joseph Maraden, a member of the Hawaiian legislature, has been investigating the labor market in China, India and the Philippine islands in the interest of the sugar planters of the island. He finds the coolies of lower India about the best, and cheapest workers obtainable, and if the matter can be arranged with Great Britain a large number of these people are to be imported into Hawaii. There are thousands of these East Indian coolies in the British West Indies now, where they have been imported on terms of apprenticeship to the planters.

A PATRIOTIC WORK.

Every person who is opposed to Free Trade Slavery and favors American industrial independence secured through the policy of Protection, should read the documents published by the American Protective Tariff League. As a patriotic citizen it is your duty to place these documents in the hands of your friends. They are interesting and instructive, and embrace discussions of all phases of the Tariff question. The League publishes over 50 different documents, comprising nearly 600 pages of plainly printed, carefully edited and reliable information. Among the authors of these documents are, Hon. James G. Blaine; Wm. McKinley, Jr., Governor of Ohio; Senator B. H. Culham of Illinois; Senator Joseph N. Dolph, of Oregon; Senator A. S. Paddock, of Nebraska; Senator F. W. M. Blair, of Maine; Senator Cass, of North Dakota; Senator Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont; Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Hon. Thomas H. Dudley, of New Jersey; Hon. Robert P. Porter, of Washington; Prof. J. R. Dodge, of the Agricultural Department at Washington; Commodore W. H. Hughes; Hon. E. A. Baskin, of New York; Congressman John W. Barker, of Iowa; Hon. S. F. Jones; David Hall Rice, of Boston; ex-Congressman Perkins, of Kansas; Dr. R. E. Miller, of New York; Hon. Geo. Draper, of Massachusetts; Hon. C. J. Edwards, of Texas; Judge Wm. Lawrence, of Ohio; Hon. B. G. Harrison, of New York; Hon. Geo. R. Buntwell, of Massachusetts; Hon. R. H. Ammons, of New York; Hon. S. J. May, of Connecticut.

This complete set of documents will be sent to any address, post paid, for Fifty (50) Cents. Address, Wilbur F. Walcott, Secy., No. 2 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

SIGNS.

If a bird is caught by a cat, it is a sure sign of bad luck—that is, for the bird.

You may always feel certain that the sweetest apples are those just out of reach.

If a boy refuses an extra piece of pie, you may rest assured that the pie is particularly bad.

When a dog barks at the moon all night it is a sure sign of insomnia—on the part of others besides the dog.—Harper's Young People.

An Old-Timer.

According to the Denver (Col.) News, there is in that city a man nearly one hundred and fifty years old. His name is said to be Jonas Carpenter, a native of Virginia. The family Bible gives the date of his birth as 1732, but at that time, he states, he was driving an ox team in Gen. Braddock's army during the Indian war, of that period. He has an old forty-dollar Continental bill which he received during the war for services as a teamster, and he has kept it ever since. He is said to be in first-rate health.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REPORT OF PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

TO THE HON. W. H. VIRDEN, JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF MONO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

D. M. Walters, Public Administrator of said County, respectfully makes this his return of all Estates of decedents which have come into his hands, and which still remain unsettled on the 31st day of January, 1892, in pursuance of the provisions of Section 1735, of the Code of Civil Procedure.

LETTERS GRANTED.

William Robson, January 31st, 1891.
Jacob Weaver, January 31st, 1891.
J. K. Denison, July 25th, 1890.
Ah Quong Tia, July 25th, 1890.
William Mooney, July 25th, 1890.
Ah Woon, July 25th, 1890.
William H. Stanton, September 19th, 1891.

APPRaised VALUE OF ESTATE.

| | |
|--------------------|-----------|
| William Robson | \$ 850 00 |
| Jacob Weaver | 1175 00 |
| J. K. Denison | 100 00 |
| Ah Quong Tia | 1,315 00 |
| William Mooney | 14,927 00 |
| Ah Woon | 181 00 |
| William H. Stanton | 437 10 |

MONEY WHICH CAME INTO THE HANDS OF THE ADMINISTRATOR.

| | |
|--------------------|----------|
| William Robson | None. |
| Jacob Weaver | \$ 46 50 |
| J. K. Denison | 100 00 |
| Ah Quong Tia | 587 25 |
| William Mooney | 9,741 21 |
| Ah Woon | 180 00 |
| William H. Stanton | 425 50 |

FEES AND EXPENSES PAID BY ADMINISTRATOR FOR BENEFIT OF ESTATE.

| | |
|--------------------|----------|
| William Robson | \$125 00 |
| Jacob Weaver | 100 00 |
| J. K. Denison | 100 00 |
| Ah Quong Tia | 567 95 |
| William Mooney | 2,525 38 |
| Ah Woon | 125 00 |
| William H. Stanton | 100 00 |

BALANCE CASH IN HANDS OF ADMINISTRATOR.

| | |
|--------------------|----------|
| William Robson | None |
| Jacob Weaver | None |
| J. K. Denison | None |
| Ah Quong Tia | 369 30 |
| William Mooney | 4,499 29 |
| Ah Woon | 57 00 |
| William H. Stanton | \$23 50 |

PROPERTY, EXCLUSIVE OF MONEY, IN HANDS OF ADMINISTRATOR.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| William Robson, Real Estate | \$ 530 00 |
| Jacob Weaver | 1,160 00 |
| Ah Quong Tia | 260 00 |

MONEY BELONGING TO DECEDENTS HAVE BEEN DEPOSITED WITH THE COUNTY TREASURER AS FOLLOWS:

| | |
|--------------------|-----------|
| Ah Quong Tia | \$ 500 00 |
| William Mooney | 9,774 21 |
| Ah Woon | 180 00 |
| William H. Stanton | 27 00 |

MONEY STILL REMAINING IN HANDS OF COUNTY TREASURER.

| | |
|--------------------|-----------|
| Ah Quong Tia | \$ 305 50 |
| William Mooney | 4,499 29 |
| Ah Woon | 37 00 |
| William H. Stanton | 27 00 |

The Decree of Distribution has been filed in the Matter of the Estate of William Mooney, and the sum of Four Thousand Six Hundred and Ninety-nine Dollars, and Twenty-nine Cents (\$4,699 29) has been distributed and paid over to Ellen E. Hinds, of Gardner, Mass., one of the heirs at law of said decedent. The sum of Four Thousand, Four Hundred and Ninety-nine Dollars and Twenty-nine cents still remains in the hands of the County Treasurer, and will be turned over to the other heir at law, Mary Sullivan, of Stoughton, Mass., as soon as said heir appears to receive the same. The Real Estate belonging to said decedent has been equally divided and distributed to said heirs.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF MONO.

D. M. Walters, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is the Public Administrator of the County of Mono, State of California, and the foregoing is a full, true and correct return of all the Estates herein above named; that he is not, and was not at any time interested in the expenditure of any kind made on account of any estate he administered, nor is he associated in business or otherwise with any one so interested.

D. M. WALTERS, Public Administrator.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of January, 1892.

J. D. MURPHEY, Clerk.

Indorsed: Report of Public Administrator for term ending December 31st, 1891.

CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney for D. M. Walters. Filed Jan. 21, 1892. J. D. Murphey, Clerk.

(15254w)

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THIS PAPER

THE CHRONICLE-UNION IS THE PIONEER JOURNAL OF THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.

IS ONLY \$23 A YEAR.

CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN.

Across the silent, purple hills,
Thro' cloudy rifts of amethyst,
The setting sunlight softly thrills,
And wraps the world in amber mist.

A new, fresh world it seems to-night,
Untouched by any thought of woe;
I stand alone, and from my height
Watch the rich colorings come and go.

On village spires all silvery white,
On windows touched to ruddy glow,
On nearer streams, that glisten bright
Along its winding, shadow'd bow.

How calm it is, and yet in truth
One hour ago a wild storm of woe
These hills and valleys, white, in ruth
The world was bowed—the heavens wept.

But now what changes! the golden mist
Creeps over hill and sky again;
The smiling valleys, sunset kissed,
Catch God's "clear shining after rain."

So sends He storm to every heart;
No perfect peace but comes through pain;
We can but calmly take our part,
And wait "clear shining after rain."

—Grace Adele Pearce, in Woman's Journal.

MY DISOBEDIENCE.

The Terrible Price of an Afternoon's Pleasure.

I was always afraid of father, but with poor little mother it was another thing. Father was hard and stern to do anything I just stopped; but she was too gentle and loving to say a harsh word, and I often took advantage of that fact in father's absence. Toward him I felt little emotion except that of fear, while I loved mother with all the strength of my passionate nature; yet her I often disobeyed; him, never.

How well I remember my last and greatest disobedience and the bitter lesson that I received in consequence. I was about fourteen at the time, and we were living on a farm some distance out of the village where my father was an overseer in the mill. Bad luck had followed him for some time and he was quite heavily in debt. My three older sisters had one by one died of lingering consumption, the house had taken fire and burned to the ground when uninsured, and in the effort to save some of the furniture father was badly injured and had to stop work for some time. So when the new house was built and furnished he had to run behind a good deal, and we had to practice the strictest economy in consequence.

Father had gone back into the mill again, and my long summer vacation had begun, when yet another misfortune came to us, though I was too young and thoughtless to realize much about it. Mother began to show signs of the same fatal disease that had claimed my three sisters, and her strength failed quite rapidly.

However, she would not allow father to hire a girl as long as we were in debt and she could keep about, and father at last consented to get along for the time being without one if the washing could be put out and I would stay at home and help. That is how my life's sorrow found me.

Although, as I have said, I loved my mother passionately, I was not always as good to her as I should have been. I was full of life and spirits and did not realize her condition, and the confinement at home was often very irksome to me. So I began to slip away with the boys and leave her alone for hours at a time, knowing my father would not be home from the mill till night, and that she loved me too well to tell him of my neglect and so bring down upon me a well-merited punishment.

Mother still kept about the house and looked after her work, and I never realized until afterward how hard it was for her. She grew paler and thinner day by day, and the brilliant red that glowed fitfully in her cheeks and made her look so lovely would have faded a more experienced eye than mine that the gentle, loving woman was fast going where sickness and sorrow are unknown. As for me, I remained blind to all, and often grumbled at the little things that she occasionally asked me to do.

Naturally enough, I grew more wild and rebellious with every indulgence, and my neglect daily became more apparent. But the end was near.

The Champions, a boys' baseball club of which I was the catcher, had arranged to play a match game with the "Victors," a team from a neighboring rival village, one Wednesday afternoon. Of course it was all we boys could talk about for a week before the event took place, but at last the day actually arrived. The game was to begin at half-past one, and I would have to start as soon as possible after dinner in order to get there in season.

I did not dare mention the match to father, for I knew he would surely forbid my attending it. My rival, Billy Atwood, would be only too glad to catch, and if he did I might lose my position in the nine and that I could not bear to think of. No; I must be there and catch, be the consequences what they would.

Father came home to his dinner, and it was nearly one o'clock that day before he started back to his work. Mother had been feebler than ever all the morning, but I never noticed anything about that. The coming ball game filled my head so full that there was room for nothing else.

As soon as father was out of sight I started to slip out the back door, but quiet as I was about it my mother noticed me.

"Won't you get me some fresh water, Henry?" she said, in a low, gentle voice. "That in the bucket is stale, and it is so warm this afternoon. I am very thirsty."

With a frown on my face I caught the pail angrily up and went hastily out into the yard. It was only a minute's work to fill the bucket at the pump and I was soon back again.

"Why didn't you get me some nice, cool spring water, dear?" said my mother, as I came in with my pail. "The well water is so hard I cannot drink it. Please get some; it won't take you very long."

Now the spring where we got most of our drinking water was nearly a

quarter of a mile across the fields and it was already a quarter past one. In my mind's eye I saw the game already begun, myself absent, and Billy behind the bat. Such thoughts were unendurable.

"Oh, that water is good enough and I'm in a hurry. Don't be so fussy," I saucily answered.

"But, Henry, I don't like the well water and it makes me feel chafed, too. Your father wants you to stay and help me, you know. Can't you do that much for your poor, sick mother, dear?"

"Oh, yes; I suppose I can. You are bound a fellow shouldn't have any fun, though, and always contrive some way to stop it. Give us the old pail," I burst out in a rage as I caught it up and started for the door again.

My mother never said a word in reply to my disrespectful and brutal speech, but she gave me such a reproachful look from her unnaturally large and brilliant eyes that I felt a strong impulse to turn back and ask her pardon then and there if I had to lose the ball game in consequence. I noticed, too, how pale and slight she was growing, and I saw her tremble as she stood beside the table watching me out.

But I drove away my good angel and went out with the water pail, banging the door after me. I started slowly off toward the spring without a single look behind me, though I well knew the tender glance of those lovely, reproachful eyes was following me as I went.

But the tempter is always near to a wavering mind. The thought of what I was losing came back with redoubled force as I neared the spring, and my indignation toward that poor mother who had unknowingly kept me at home increased in the same proportion.

"You can go and play ball and then come back and get the water as soon as the game is over," he whispered. "That will do just as well. She won't tell your father and he will never find it out."

In a moment the pail was hidden in the ferns beside the spring and I was off across the fields as hard as I could run. Ten minutes later I reached the ball ground, hot and breathless, to find I was just in time to prevent the game from beginning without me, and with Billy Atwood for catcher.

The match was long and close, but it ended at last. I caught a magnificent game and was so excited that I never once thought of the poor sick mother at home with nothing to quench her thirst but the nauseous well water during the long, hot afternoon.

At four o'clock I hastened home, flushed with triumph and entirely forgetful of my disobedience, and burst noisily into the house, crying out:

"Mother, mother, we beat 'em! we beat 'em! The Victors are victors no longer, and everybody says I caught a splendid game."

But there was no answer. The kitchen was silent and forsaken, and the sitting-room. Where could the little mother be?

I soon ascertained that she was not about the house, and thought, with a sinking heart, that perhaps she had gone for the water herself. Ah! I remembered my disobedience then, and bitterly did I regret it.

I fairly flew down the path to the spring, and as I neared it I saw a motionless figure lying beside the wall, in the full glare of the blazing sun. It was mother.

In an instant I was kneeling at her side, wildly imploring her to speak to me and pleading for forgiveness. For some time she remained unconscious of my tears and prayers, then the lovely, languid eyes slowly opened, and she gazed up into my face with the same loving, reproachful look lingering in her depths.

"Forgive me, mother; only this time and I will never do so again," I sobbed. She tried to answer me; a shudder shook her slight frame, and when the blood burst through her drawn lips in a bright scarlet stream. Another shudder thrilled through her emaciated form, then her head dropped and the beautiful eyes half closed.

With a wild cry I fled from the spot and rushed to the nearest neighbor for help. It was only a few minutes till I was back again with four strong men, but to me it seemed an age.

My mother's fragile form was placed on an improvised stretcher, and tenderly borne back to the house of which she had always been the light and the guardian angel; while my father and a physician were hastily summoned. Both came immediately, but they were too late. She was gone.

Yes; my mother's pure, loving, blameless life was over. That walk to the spring in the hot sun, together with the effort she made in climbing over the wall, had been too much for her remaining strength. My cruel, wicked disobedience had killed her.

I waited for hours with frantic grief and repentance when they told me the bitter truth, but it came too late. Never upon earth might I atone for my cruel neglect, for those beautiful eyes were closed forever. I had refused her last request, and her last look had been one of sad and tender reproach. No wonder I felt like a murderer.

Years have passed since that terrible afternoon, yet the last look I saw in my mother's eyes haunts me to-day. It always will. I can never forget that my unfilial conduct embittered the last moments of an idolized parent, and that when my own time shall come at last, and I enter the city not made with hands, I shall be confronted by the damning record of my sinful waywardness. God grant that when I meet my mother's ransomed spirit, beyond the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, I may not see the reproachful look I remember so well still shining in the beautiful eyes—O. E. Young, in Goodall's Sun.

—Aaron Burr resigned from the provincial army by reason of ill health in 1789. In 1800 he and Jefferson each had seventy-three electoral votes for the office of president of the United States. The choice was thus left to congress, which, on the thirty-sixth ballot, chose Jefferson for president and Burr for vice president.

UMBRELLAS BY THE YEAR.

And (a Man Need Carry One Only When It Is Maladical.

The four drummers were playing whilst on the Shore line train. While one of them was shuffling the cards, says the Boston Herald, another took from the corner of the seat a very stylish-looking umbrella and placed it in the rack overhead.

"That's a good-looking piece of silk," said the man who was shuffling, as he glanced at the umbrella. "Cost about a saw horse?"

The owner of the water shed smiled and replied: "It costs me just three dollars a year to carry that umbrella. Haven't you fellows tumbled to the new racket? There is a company just organized in New York which provides a man with umbrellas for the rest of his natural life for the consideration of three dollars a year. The company puts its umbrellas into the hotels and news stands. Every umbrella bears the company's stamp. When a man joins the association he pays three dollars and gets a check good for one year. He puts his check in his pocket and starts out. If he gets caught in a shower in Skowhegan he merely goes over to a hotel, delivers his check and gets an umbrella.

"If the rain continues, as it usually does in Maine, he takes the umbrella with him until he fetches up, well say, here at the Crocker house in New London. There he leaves the umbrella and gets a check again. Of course, if he loses the umbrella he is out three dollars; but that is a good deal less than a good umbrella costs, and he can join the combination again by paying another three dollars. I tell you it's a great scheme, for it keeps a man all the time supplied with an umbrella and obliges him to carry it only when he wants it. And the company will make plenty of money, too, for if a man leaves one of the umbrellas anywhere whoever finds it will see the stamp and in nine cases out of ten will return it to one of the company's offices."

"Somebody will be starting a company to supply drummers with drinks (at so much a year," said one of the other men as he picked up his hand, "but nobody but the commission men could afford to go into that. What's rump?"

SIMPSON'S MULE.

The Latest Campaign Story of the Kansas Statesman.

One of the best stories of the year is told by Jerry Simpson, popularly known as the "Society Socrates of Medicine Lodge." He had been talking about the attempt of the old parties to capture the alliance vote, when he compared the astute politician to the Kansas mule, says the Atlanta Constitution.

"Out in Kansas," said he, "there is a boy who had taught his mule to squat when he touched him on the flank with his heels, and one day when he was riding beside an Englishman the mule sat down on his haunches. 'What's the matter with your mule?' said the Englishman. 'Why,' said the boy, 'he's a setter; don't you see that rabbit out there?' The Englishman was much astonished. They rode on awhile and the mule squatted again. 'What's he doing now?' said the Englishman. 'He's settin' agin,' said the boy. 'Don't you see that flock of quail?' By this time the Englishman was dying to own the mule. An animal he could ride that was also a setter would be priceless to such a nimrod as he. He offered to buy the mule, but the boy didn't want to sell him. Finally he concluded to swap his mule for the Englishman's fine bay horse and one hundred dollars to boot. The Englishman mounted the mule, the boy mounted the horse and they rode on. After awhile they came to a creek and the Englishman drew up his foot to 'keep them from getting wet. About half way through, the water got so deep he had to draw his feet up to the mule's flank. As soon as the boot heels touched the mule's flank he squatted right in the middle of the creek. 'What's the matter with your blasted mule now?' said the Englishman. 'I told you he was a setter and he's just as good for suckers as for anything else.'"

THE GAME OF TEM.

Latest Rival of Tennis in the Summer Girl's Affections.

There is a new game which is called tem, and which is an adaptation of Japanese polo. This is the way it is played, according to a young woman who claims to be proficient:

A screen eight feet high has a circular hole in the middle eighteen inches in diameter, called the goal, and having a net behind it. Twenty feet away is a roped in area in which the players stand. They are ranged in sides, the white and the red. At the end of the area furthest from the screen are stores of red and white balls less than two inches in diameter, and it is the business of each side to throw its balls into the goal. The throwing is done by means of an implement called the wand—a slender bamboo three feet in length, with a tiny net at the end. The balls are picked up in this net and slung toward the goal. This would probably be very tame, but there is another provision, which is that players of one side may interfere with the others and do all they can to prevent the balls from being thrown. This at once introduces an element of skill, as the ball, once in the net of the wand, can be manipulated and maneuvered, and a great variety of throws are open to the players. The picking up of the ball is a pretty and dexterous action, while it is almost impossible to be ungraceful in throwing it. The extreme lightness of the wand (the maximum weight is four ounces) renders the sport much less violent than tennis, which some people think in its favor.

Heavy Cattle.

The owner of two of the heaviest cattle ever seen in Kansas—two steers weighing together 8,040 pounds—has refused an offer of 50 cents per pound for them, and proposes to take them to the world's fair. The larger one, weighing 4,040 pounds, is exactly twelve feet long, and both stand about six feet high.

BRIGHT BREVITIES.

CHAPTER—"I've had you in my mind all day, old fellow." Cynicus—"I felt cramped, but couldn't imagine what the cause was."—Demorest's Magazine.

"WHAT ails Jones?" "He says he is suffering from dyspepsia." "Why, he doesn't look like a dyspeptic." "He isn't; but his employer is."—Demorest's Magazine.

A Big Drop—"It is terrible!" said Maud. "Papa forgot that we are living in a tenth floor flat, and not in our one-story cottage in New Jersey, and—he's—thrown—Chapple H—H—Hicks—out—of—the—window!"—Little Peddlington Geewitzer.

NOT A MASTER IN THE STUDY.—Professor—"Are you acquainted with the sign language?" New Yorker—"Well, no! I'm familiar with 'No Smoking' and 'Keep Off the Grass,' and a few other signs, but I can't say that I know the whole language."—Truth.

MUDGE—"I'll take those pictures if they are done." Photographer—"Yes, sir. You understand, of course, that we do not deliver pictures until they are paid for." "What? Why, when I sat for them you told me I might pay whenever I chose." "Yes, but that was merely to make you look pleasant."—Indianapolis Journal.

RUSH AND PALETTE.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS is said to have painted but two caricatures in his life.

THE sale of the Borgese pictures has been avoided by Prince Torlonia, who takes the name of his father-in-law, coming to the assistance of his brother, Paolo Borgese.

THE portrait of a young "Earl of Westmoreland" in the Metropolitan museum is said by connoisseurs to be one of the finest extant specimens of the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

CARL GUTHRER keeps his studio in Paris all the year around, because the French artists are so enthusiastically appreciative of the poetical character of Guthrer's figure painting. Jules Breton calls him the "father of modern religious painting."

ROJAS, until his twentieth year, was a self-taught historical painter. His undeveloped genius attracted the attention of Guzman Blanco, then president of Venezuela, who sent him to Paris to study. The artistic success of Rojas was felt as a reflected glory by the citizens of Caracas.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

THE Kimberly Company made a clean profit in diamonds last year of \$5,000,000.

SOUTH AFRICA is shipping oranges to London, and the business promises to become an extensive one.

THE value of the canned salmon product of Alaska from 1884 through 1890 is estimated by the latest census report at \$7,000,000.

MOST of the wooden shoes worn in this country are made in Michigan. In Grand Rapids alone there are three extensive factories for their manufacture.

AN immense flume is being constructed near Fresno, Cal., which will not only furnish water for irrigating purposes, but will be used to transport lumber needed by farmers living near by.

THE sponge industry of the Bahamas islands employs 500 small vessels and about 5,000 men. This industry is being rapidly developed on the Florida coast, and the sponges in this locality are said to be finer than on the Bahamas.

TITLED EUROPEANS.

YOUNG PRINCE GEORGE, of Wales, is said to be covered with tattooing of mermaids and dolphins.

THE perfume used by the prince of Wales and Lord Dudley is lavender. The latter uses sachets for his ties, handkerchiefs and silk socks.

M. PASTEUR, has now, by the grace of the emperor of Austria, become Baron von Pasteur, and been decorated with the order of the Iron Crown.

THE duke of Portland, has a necktie for every hour of the day, and never wears his gloves twice. His hostler's bill is about twelve hundred dollars a year. The duke of Fife spends about the same amount.

PARNELL was exceedingly superstitious. It is said that he would not remain in a room where three candles were burning, and regarded green, the national color of Ireland, as being very unlucky. Purple was his favorite color.

PEOPLE WE TALK ABOUT.

EX-SENATOR INGALLS never takes a cigar on the third round; he only takes one when he can use it immediately.

MRS. T. N. EORRY, of Bangor, is said to be the richest woman in Maine. The Bar Harbor Tourist rates her at four million dollars.

CASSIUS M. CLAY says he always arises hungry from the table, wherein he bears a resemblance to his "lean and hungry" namesake whom Caesar feared.

HENRY O. HAVEMEYER, the sugar man, is said to be so much afraid of the interviewing reporter that he feels like creeping into his own safe and losing the combination if one of the pencil pushers happens to run the gauntlet of the guards and the office dog.

FIGURES OF THE OLD WORLD.

THE revenue of bankrupt Egypt was \$10,250,000 last year.

IN England and Wales there are 900,000 more women than men.

THE president of the Swiss republic receives but \$3,000 per year.

WITHIN the last thirty years there have been on the British coast 63,377 wrecks, with the sad loss of 23,313 lives.

LUNACY appears to have increased in Scotland to a startling extent. In 1858 there were 8,324 lunatics on the register of the lunacy commissioners, but now there are 12,593.

THE Eiffel tower is evidently a financial success. Over \$17,000 has been paid for admission to it by visitors since March 21 last, when this year's season commenced. During August, when Paris is always crowded with tourists, the receipts exceeded \$4,000.

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